APPEAL

These Things being so plain, we might perhaps think our selves the happiest People under the Sun, if we could fill our Bellies with Reasons; but I never knew an hungry Stomach fatisfi'd with Arguments: A piece of *Bread and Cheese* is more worth to such a one than all the *fine Talk* in the World; and in spite of all that has or can be said, we find even in this *favoured Country* such a *Famine of Bread* coming upon us, as is likely to *starve* the *Rich* and *Poor* the *Poor*. And what shall we do in this Case? Shall we believe those who tell us, that we cannot want in such a Country as this? That our *gnawing Stomachs* will not discover our *Understandings* to be *gull'd* in a Matter of this Nature. What then? Shall we lie down, and dye? Shall we, like a Parcel of Sots and Fools, tamely sink under the Malady, and pine away the miserable Remainder of our Days without further Care? Or shall we try, if there be any Remedy? Certainly those Men have lost both their Wits and Senses too, who would not use their utmost Endeavors to prevent such a general Mischief as this. Now if there will any Remedy, and to any purpose, for a Remedy, we must first find out the Cause, and then remove the Cause of our Misery; for if we can take away that, the old Plenty will return.

Well Country-men! shall we send *Hue and Cry* after the Cause of this Mischief and Misery? Any Man will say there is little need of that. For it is scarce possible to find out to meet a *Cattle* as never saw a *Field of Corn* in his Life; yet if you should ask him what might be the Reason of *want of Bread*, he would presently tell you *want of Corn*; and would say, That he were a most impudent Fellow who should affirm, that there could be any *want of Bread* in a Country, which at the same time afforded *plenty of Corn*. And yet such a Paradox as this I must maintain, if I will speak truth; and shew you the true Reason of your present want of Bread, which is daily like to be greater. Indeed if the *Earth* had play'd the *Stage-maker*, and proved unkind to us, it would then have concerned us to have seen abroad, and furnished our selves from other Countries which have to spare, as hath been the Practice and Prudence of some of our Neighbors, especially *France* of late, whose Policy it were better for us to imitate, than *Scorn*. But that is not the Case: if we might enjoy our own, we need trouble no Body for Bread. For I dare boldly affirm, That for these Seven Years last past, there hath scarce been a general Crop of Bread-Corn, than was this Year, and the last. As for the last Year, what I say will be easily granted; yea, I verily believe, that it produced enough to furnish us for that Year, and this too, if an honest Use had been made of it. As for this Year, I shall meet with no other Opinion, which I cannot but acquaint you, for I have had Occasion to know the Corn in several Countries: And in some of the Counties adjacent, with pretty much Understanding of it; and I every where found *Bread-Corn a good Crop*; nay, Wheat to the Eye seemed to be as good, yea, and to promise as much, as ever I saw it, or as I desire to see, do that of the last Year. And though I do not think it to be really altogether so good, yet it is a Crop not to be complained of; and under which we need know no want. And though a Heartland *Newfoundland, Shore, Dutch, Revolution* Arguments were brought against this, yet they shall never persuade me out of my Senses. I will therefore lay this down for a certain Conclusion, *That the Reason of our Scarcity is not from the Earth, or for Want of a Crop.*

You will say then, what is the Reason? If you please, Country-men, we will first examine those Reasons that pass for current, and then see if we can find out the true one. Some think, that it may contribute something to our Scarcity, That in many Places they are not able to *manage* their *Harvest*, and *want Hands* to get in their Corn. This, I confess, is a very deplorable Thing; and, if true, makes the Matter much worse. But if we already want Hands to get our Corn, by reason that those who used to assist in that Matter are gone for Soldiers, or knock'd o'th Head; in a while it will be in danger to come

come to this pass, That we shall want Hands to *till and sow the Ground*, and so we shall have no Corn at all. But however, this cannot be the Reason of our present Scarcity: For want of Hands may be a Reason for a more tedious Harvest, or may let Corn receive some Damage; but this, if by chance it make it something worse, yet it makes it nothing less: It may abate of the Pleasantness, but brings no want to our Door. And the very same thing may be said as to unseasonable Weather in many Places; and therefore I shall give that Objection no further answer.

But to be short, The great Cry, and generally received Opinion is, That there hath been such a *general Blast*, as hath *destroyed or spoiled the Corn*; That it is full of *Cluster*, or *black Ears*; and that other Ears are *light*, yea often *quite Empty*. And thus we are striving to make that the *Hand of God*, which is the *Fruits of our own Folly*. It were just with him to deal thus with so wicked a Nation; but he hath not gone so yet. And it were the height of Ingratitude to charge him as *depriving* us with *Famine*, when he *blessed* us with *Plenty*. I do not say, there is no Blast: some little Fourdarin there hath been of it, which is Complain'd, which hath been strangely spread and improv'd by those who are the real Cause of our Evils; and then being entertain'd by silly frightful People, who if they hear of a Blast, verily believe all the Corn to be spoiled, it got greater Credit. And no doubt it hath been encouraged by the Farmer, with a Design to advance his Market. But this I say, and I make no doubt plainly to prove it, That the *Blast* is not the Cause of the *present Scarcity*, and *Dearness* of *Corn*. To this end, I shall consider the utmost that in all likelihood it can affect us. I grant, that the Blast hath been very lusty, especially, in some Places, as near the Sea-Coast, and in those Countries, which rarely change their Seed, where there is always some Blast, more or less: Yea, considering the backwardness of the Year, I am apt to think there may be a great deal of *small Grain*, especially in *chalky Land*, where the Clevel is always less than in *Clay*, *marle*, or *chalky* Earth. Yea further, suppose that the Corn were no where altogether so *bold* as it was the last Year; yet, for all this, we might have had *Corn enough*, and *good*, *cheap*. For though the *Season of Keen* (whose Country is very subject to *Blast*, for which particular Reasons might be given) make great Complaint; and their Out-cry, by reason of their Neighbourhood, doth much affect the *Citizens*, yet in many Places the Blast is very inconsiderable. And I have seen, this very Year, many and large Fields of Corn free from black Ears, though not from some light Ears; and I never knew any crop of Corn altogether free. This ought also to be observed, That Wheat was thicker on the Ground this Year than the last; (which all allow to be a great Crop) and if *more Straws*, consequently there must be *more Ears* of Corn: So that if we should suppose the Blast to have destroyed every *Third* Ear of Corn, (which I believe it hath not done the *Tenth*) there would have been a *sufficient Crop* to have supplied the Land, without making Corn dear. And then if we reckon upon the old Stock which remained, or ought to have remained, from the last Years Plenty, we might as reasonably have expected to have seen Wheat sold now at 3 *s.* or 3 *s.* 6 *d.* a Bushel, or (as some call it) a Strike, as in former Years.

By this time I expect some should grow Testy, and say, If this be not the Reason, what is? For nothing can be more plain than that *Corn is Dear*, and continues *Rising*, to the endangering of many Thoulands of Poor, perishing for want. Now I could give as plain a Reason for it, if an *honest English-man* might speak with safety; for we are now under *Dutch Comptrollers*, and as nothing must be done, so nothing must be said, that may be offensive to the *Hogen Mogens*: However I will out with it; and if my *Country-men* will not *See*, they may be *Blind*, till they are *Starved*: For I can do no more for them, than to tell them the plain Truth. And to speak all in a Word, it is a *DUTCH BLAST* that

that makes this Scarcity, and will make it greater. Those our Friends of ours, for whom we have spent our Blood, and our Affairs, (I am unwilling to say *Loosed our Souls* too) that we might *raise* and *keep* them at this Height, now carry away our Corn at that rate, That if *Joseph's Granaries* were among us, they would make a Dearth, if they are suffered to go on. *Ten, Twenty, or Thirty Ships* going out together from one Port of ours, laden with Corn, are not worth our taking Notice of; but as they have drove this Trade very briskly of late, and continue so to do, so it is not one Port alone which they Fly: But that if possible you may be sensible, that these *Horse-leaches* would suck you very *last drop of Blood*, I will lay a kind of Scheme before you, together with the Arts by which our Corn is drawn from us.

Our Northern Seas, from whence we only trade to *Holland*, and they to us, are now the safest of all others, by reason that no Enemy can come thither, but either about *Scotland*, or by the *Downs*; and so will be in continual Danger of falling into the Mouths of the *English* or *Dutch Men of War*; which makes the *Privateers* and *Pirates* have little Kindness for that *Road*: So that our *Corn-carriers* have a safe and quick Passage to and from all our Ports on that Coast, even from the *South-foreland* to *Tinmouth-haven*, and further, if there be any thing to be had for them. And this Range takes in upon our East-Coast these Counties, *Kent*, *Essex*, *Suffolk*, *Norfolk*, *Lincoln*, *York* and *Durham*; And in these Counties these Ports, *Dover*, *Sandwich*, *Margate*, *Colchester*, *Harwich*, *Yarmouth*, *Lynn*, *Hull*, *Newcastle*, and above a Hundred other Places; where they may either put in, or with their Boats fetch off Corn to their Ships: And to all these Ports they have already well plyed, and tolerably well drained them. But left you should imagine that this only affects their maritime Counties, I will demonstrate to you how, by this means, they draw the Corn from all Parts, even out of the very Heart of the Country. For where there are *navigable Rivers* Corn will most certainly run after the *Price*, and *wind to Sea*; if more be bid for it there, than on Land. And the Farmer (let who will starve) by Hook or by Crook, by Night or by Day, will convey it away, if the Market please him: And so our Corn shall go as far as the River reaches, or they will carry it to it. For Instance; Suppose the Corn Vessels come into *Bristol-Avon*, with a Design to take in Lading at *Bristol*, or *Lynn*, and other Places thereabouts, here I allow the Sea enough; whereas I have Rivers navigable a very considerable way up into the Country: The *Humber*, navigable up as far as *Stamford*, a Town bordering upon Three Counties, *Lincoln*, *Northampton*, and *Rutland*. 2. The *Nine*, running through *Lincolnshire*, continues navigable beyond *Peterborough* in *Northamptonshire*. And 3dly, The *Ouse*, which coming through *Norfolk*, and the Isle of *Ely*, skirting *Cambridgeshire*, takes in the *Cham*, which is navigable up to *Cambridge*; and then passing on to *St. Ives*, to *Huntingdon*, and so onward into the very Bowels of the Country; in all, affects *Six Counties*, though I cannot justly say how far navigable. Next, if you please, we will convey our *Corn Vessels* to *Hull*, where they have been so often already, that by this time they may know the way themselves: This stands upon the *Humber*, which is a confluence of Rivers, into which (not to name any other) runs the *Trent*; which passing through part of *Yorkshire* continues his current through *Lincolnshire*, and *Nottinghamshire*, and by *Leicestershire*, travelling through some of our best Corn Countries into the very heart of the Kingdom, and is navigable within Six Miles of *Derby*. But not to trouble you with many others, I think the *Thames* ought not to be forgotten; which one way brings up the Grain of *Kent* and *Essex*, and the other way *carries down* and *drains* the *Stores* of *Hertfordshire*, *Middlesex*, *Surry*, *Berkshire*, *Buckinghamshire*, and *Oxfordshire*. And here, in and about the *City*, our *dearly beloved Darling Dutchmen* are continually plying their Do-tricks. Sometimes they traffick for

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our Corn which upon Pacts; and when that becomes uncertain, and grows difficult, then they deal underhand; and for ready Gold are given to a Factor to buy so many Thousand Quarters of Wheat in his own Name; or to a Broker to buy so many Thousand Bushels of Malt: And this is no sooner perceived, or under a colour delivered, but it is as speedily conveyed away: For a Factor cannot play his Tricks more nimbly, than these Ingrossers. Now from all these Parts, which I have mentioned, they have already carried vast Quantities of Corn; so that it is not possible their Trade should hold there long, unless they would leave us nothing at all; and when they are forced to go a little further a Field, along the Channel lie several Counties fruitful in Corn; as Sussex, Hampshire, Dorset, and Devonshire: And then, if you come above into the Channel of Bristol, the Severn will bring Corn to you out of the very middle of England; for reaching near Worcestershire, and running through Glocestershire, Herefordshire and Shropshire, is taken in also the Avon, which is navigable as far as Stratford, within Six Miles of Warwick; which, with Coventry, are filled out Under Receivers. It is further to be observed, That there is scarce any Part of England, which is good Corn Land, but it is within Two days Journy of some navigable River: Now to fetch in that Land which the Water of it self will not, they have this Trick; they, or their Agents, go to the Farmer's House, and agree with him for so many Loads of Corn to be delivered at a certain Place, perhaps, Twenty or Thirty Miles distant, where they can send it away by Water, or have easy Conveyances. Thus where the River will not lead them to the Corn, they bring the Corn to the River; and thus these ingenious Rogues will not leave a Means unattempted, one of which they will not fetch our Corn: And if they be suffered to hold on this Trade, for any thing I know, the Rich as well as the Poor may in a little time be glad to buy at a Cruse.

Whatever the crying Sins or villanous Contrivances of Men may effect, doubtless the Creator, who is a God of Goodness, never originally designed one Nation to undo another. But such are the Variety of Products, and withal the particular Necessities of particular Countries, that it should seem God designed to oblige them to help and succour each other. If therefore the Dutch want the want of Corn, it were good Reason that we should help them, so as not to hurt our selves: But even then, it were no Reason that we should starve our selves to make them slowed; and they would deserve never to find help at need, who should attempt or but desire such a Thing: Yet this, and worse, do these insatiable Gormandizers now endeavour to bring to pass. They do not fetch away our Corn for any Wine, but with design to compleat our Ruin: They are not without These or Four years Prentiships before-hand; and rather than fail, they have advanced it so that Rate, that Thousands amongst us must Perish, because they cannot reach the Price, than perhaps they may be so Charitable as to sell us some of our own Corn again. This, no prudent Nation under Heaven would offer to any People, whom they did not think so altogether Senseless, that the deepest Injuries could not move them; but in the Dutch, it is insufferable and unpardonable as Crime: For we all along supported them in their lowest Condition; we held up their Heads, when they could not swim; we relieved them in a State, or else they had sunk in their Beer: And so as soon as they were able, they flew in our Faces. Nevertheless in all Straights we still upheld them; and at this very time our Men fight their Battles, but Money pays their Charges; our Fleet is unreasonably hazarded for their Safety; we suffer them to engross our Trade; they Revile and Dominere in our Country; they buy the Estates of our impoverished Gentry, and Dutch Papers are made English Nobles. Nay, even the Power of the Crown Revenues is given to a Dutch-born Fellow; as if he who came

same yoking, with his *Pack* at his *Back*, or the *Tax*, as begins already to be made *Pecuniary Wages*: And yet all this will not do, unless they *stop* our Mouths; or (which is worse) cause us miserably to *languish away* for want of Bread, whilst our Country affords Plenty. Thus we have nourished a Monster to devour us; and have so long and so egregiously play'd the Fool, that we are not the *Play*, but the *Scorn* of all Nations.

I have thus, in short, laid before you the *plain* Reason and true Cause of this *growing Scarcity*; the Remedy is not my Province, nor in my Power, though I could wish it were, for my Countries sake: But no quicken you to seek for a Remedy in time, before it be too late; as I have shewed you the *Cause*, so I will briefly touch upon what in likelihood may be the *Effects* and Tendencies of this destructive (and yet connived at) Practice. First, Our Country will be filled with the *lamentable doleful Cries* of *famishing Parents*: Those, whose *Modesty* will not suffer them to *beg*, nor their *Gentleness* to *steal*, must the soonest *languish* into their *Graves*; and so the best must perish first. Others who will not endure to want, if it can be any ways supplied, will fall to *pilfering* and *stealing*; and so will be driven to this sad Choice, either to be *hanged* or *starved*: And this very Thing will fill the Country with *Violence*, and People (dears with *Hate* and *Fear*; which a Man cannot go to Bed, but with an Apprehension that his House or Barns will be broke open before Morning, and perhaps their Throats cut in their Beds to Boot. Others, endeavouring to prolong a wearisome Life, will fall to *Begging*, and those who are once habituated to that Trade scarce ever leave it; so that if they chance to survive the Famine, they will stock our Country with an idle unprofitable sort of Cattle, good for nothing, but consume the Fruits of the Earth: And when Things are brought to this pass, the Richest will be but in an ill Condition. But in the next Place, pardon me if I do believe that one Design of these *Dutch Practices* is, That they may *glut* themselves *with our Miseries*: For those, who have observed their *Ingratitude* and *insolent Humour*, and have read or heard of their *unparallel'd Barbarities* and *Cruelties* all over the World, must acknowledge them to be a People who are not pleased with any thing so much, as the *Miseries* of others; and then most of all, when it is by their own Procurement. They are Proud of, and Glory in, such Practices: Another Design of theirs, I think to be, to serve their *Turns* of our *Men*, and to *thin our Country*, in hopes in time to be *absolute Masters* of it: For when Men want both *Bread*, and *Money* to *buy* it, and have little hopes of Relief by *begging*, and are unwilling to be hang'd for *stealing*, they will be very free to become *Soldiers*; especially if it be but for this Privilege, That if you will not give the Soldier Bread, he takes it: This serves the Turn for a while; but then on a sudden they are commanded into *Flanders*, where they are put upon all *desperate Attempts*, till their *few Brains* are knock't out, and there's an end of them; it is but sending hither for more *Recruits*, till the *Kingdom* is so *disPeopled*, that they may quietly enter upon, and *take possession* of it, without any *Disturbance*. But not to trouble you any further, I cannot but think their main Design to be, to see what they can bring us to; and whether we be already *fitted*, or *can be fitted*, to make *Dutch Slaves*: For those who have suffered their *Men*, their *Money*, their *Trade*, to be taken away; and after this, will suffer the *Bread* to be taken out of their *Mouths*, and be content to *starve quietly*; doubtless these Men will suffer any thing: And so they may, if they please; For who shall hinder them from *starving* who have a mind to it? Or who shall pity them if they do *starve*, who have *Bread enough*, and are *able to keep it*, and yet tamely suffer others to carry it away from them? I think such senseless Sots before were never heard of: But if this will hold, farewell the Fortune of *England*.

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If I were a Perſon of any conſiderable Intereſt or Authority in the Government, I would ſuggeſt to them this one Conſideration: Thoſe, who are beſt affected to the Government, will own, That ſome Things *not very Commendable* have been done, which yet have been juſtified by the Pleas of *Neceſſity*, the *Inclination of the People*, or *publick Good*. Now I am ſure there cannot be many Things more *neceſſary* than the maintaining Life; and if the *Peoples Inclination* ſhould not lead them to have *Bread*, and to have it as *cheap* as may be reaſonably expected, I ſhould think them Ten times madder than they are: And I believe none will queſtion, but that *Plenty* is more for the *publick Good* than *Famine*. So that without any Sham, or Pretences, here is a real and plain Neceſſity that our Corn be ſtopt, or we otherwiſe provided for; and over and above, the Thing is *Juſt*, *Commendable*, and *Popular*, and withal may be *eaſily done*; which, one would think, ſhould invite ſome of our *Great Seven* to engage in it. It hath alſo been obſervable, in all Governments whatſoever, That *want of Bread* hath made the People become *Mutinous*, *Troubleſome*, *and ſometimes very Dangerous*; ſo that the Proviſion mentioned is not only *honeſt*, but *prudent* and *ſafe*. And therefore, I hope, that upon due Conſideration ſuch care will be taken, that at leaſt we may keep what Corn is left: But if after all no Courſe be taken, and after mature Conſultation it ſhall be thought more neceſſary to *ſtarve* than *relieve* the *People*, I ſhall leave it to others to enquire into the Myſtery; for it is ſuch Reaſon of State, as I can neither underſtand, nor approve; and ſuch as I believe no mortal ever before heard of. But I know not what heavier or more dreadfull Judgment can befal us, than for *Engliſh-men* to become their *own Executioners*.

Quos Deus vult perdere, dementat prius.

FINIS.